

The Sketch.



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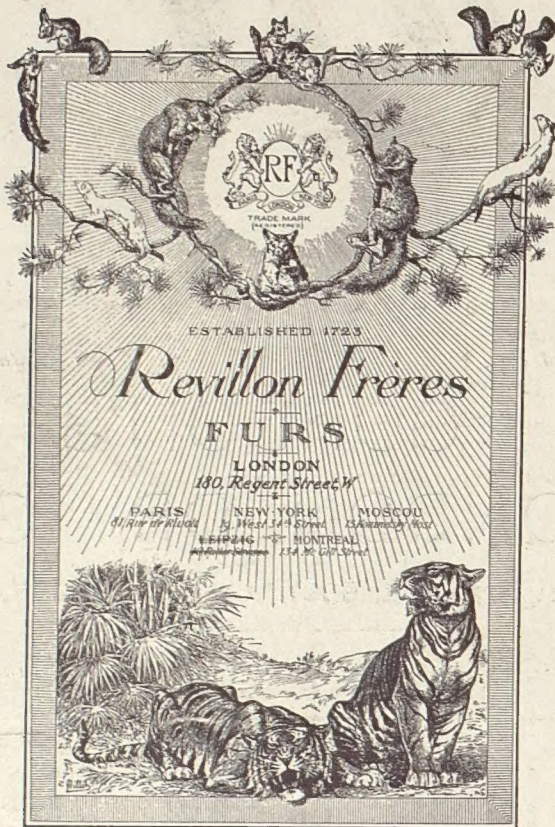
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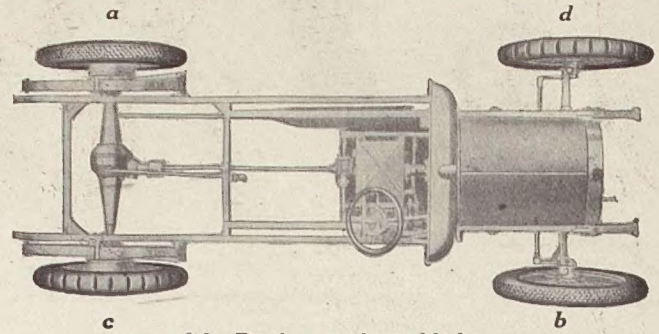
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The Sketch

No. 1139.—Vol. LXXXVIII.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1914.

SIXPENCE.



GUARANTEED TO BEAT THE GERMANS ON ANY PITCH! "RANJI"—THE JAM OF NAWANAGAR,
WHO IS GOING TO THE FRONT.

The affectionate diminutive by which the famous Indian cricketer and sportsman is known does not alter the fact that His Highness, Kumar Shri Ranjitsinhji, is Maharajah Jam Saheb of Nawanagar, a territory of some 4000 square miles, with a population of 350,000. The Prince is very popular in this country. He completed his education at Trinity College, Cambridge, made his first appearance for Sussex

County Cricket Club in 1895, and was champion batsman for All England in 1896 and 1900, scoring 2780 runs with an average of 59·91, and he went to Australia with Stoddart's All England XI. in 1897-98. He is a fine all-round sportsman, his recreations including shooting, tennis, racquets, cycling, and pig-sticking, as well as cricket. He has just been accepted for active service at the front.

Photograph by Vandyk.



Lord Kitchener's Strength.

A certain section of the Press is very angry with Lord Kitchener because he will not allow their fluent young gentlemen to roam from trench to trench in search of picturesque and exciting copy. They maintain that it is the lack of colour in the war-reports that makes recruiting so sluggish. In other words, Lord Kitchener does not understand his job, and must be taught it by the editors of these offended periodicals.

Lord Kitchener, of course, being one of the few men in this country who is not afraid of the Press, will not reply by so much as a syllable to such attacks. In the first moments of panic, the whole country flung itself to its knees and prayed Lord Kitchener to take over the command of the War Office. Lord Kitchener, who, I imagine, would much rather have gone to the front, nobly shouldered the gigantic task. The nation breathed a sigh of relief and said: "Now we're all right. When Kitchener takes a thing in hand, he does it thoroughly. Thank God for Kitchener!"

One of Lord Kitchener's first cares was to prevent leakage of news to the enemy by prohibiting war correspondents at the front. He had not forgotten the Boer War. Another of his cares was to raise a new army of just on a million men. Whereupon, the very people who had clung to his knees in the moment of panic turned round on him and told him that he was spoiling the job by cutting out the highly coloured stories of heroism!

Why Help the Germans?

This sort of criticism is just the thing that will put heart into the Germans. The editors of newspapers who abuse Kitchener are doing more damage to the cause of the Allies than if they fired at our men from the German trenches, or flashed signals to the enemy fleet from a window on the East Coast. Whatever we may think, however we may suffer in pocket, however sure we may be that we could raise armies and control them far better than Lord Kitchener and his staff, it is our job to back up the man placed at our own urgent desire in authority over us. The country has the most implicit faith in Lord Kitchener, and it is unnecessary to say that he is worshipped by the Army. If Lord Kitchener suddenly put a stop to all newspaper comment by the simple process of forbidding such comment—which is quite within his powers—the recalcitrant editors would probably die of apoplexy in their little chairs, but the war would be continued, the new Army would go on with its training, the men at the front would fight as splendidly as ever, and the public, by a slight effort of the imagination, would know that every man in the field and every man afloat was conducting himself as nobly as Englishmen always have conducted themselves at times of national peril.

As for isolated cases of particular bravery, have we not the letters of soldiers at the front? Every household, surely, treasures such a possession!

Leading the Indians.

Here are some extracts from the letter of a gallant young English Lieutenant of the Indian Army. There are things in it that no war correspondent could possibly have written, even with the fullest privileges. As for style, the sheer simplicity and obvious truth of the matter lift it to the highest literary plane.

First of all, the scene—

"I sit under a transport-cart with a good bedding of straw beneath me and a ration of bully-beef and army biscuit inside me,

Shell-Fire Described.

I have read many attempts, since the war began, to describe shell-fire, but not one to equal the easy description of this young officer, who does not pretend to be a stylist. Listen—

"You hear a boom miles away, hardly audible in the distance. Then a faint sigh, gradually rising to a scream as the shell whizzes towards you. Then a flash, an immense crash, and the air is filled with thousands of bullets and jagged lumps of iron, each making a different sort of shrieking noise. Then phit-phit-phit everywhere as they hit the ground.

"This is shrapnel."

He continues the story of the attack on the trench—

"At 2.30 a.m."—you will remember that they had been waiting since four o'clock on the previous afternoon, in the rain, without the solace of buttered toast and slippers—"when we were perished with cold, news came back that the British regiment was as far as they could get, and would we kindly come up and rush the trenches. So up and on, debating inwardly on what Wellington described as 'two o'clock in the morning courage.' We stumbled across country, and at about 3.30 a.m. lined up in a ditch, and were told that about a hundred yards in front of us were the Germans in the trench they had seized that afternoon. We were to go straight across while another double company rushed a farm on the right."

What Happened.

"It was a fearful moment, as it was the regiment's first fight in this show. They had been shelled for the first time in their lives, they had been lying shivering in the rain for some hours, it was 3.30 a.m. and pitch dark—about as bad a combination as one could get to introduce natives to European warfare.

"The men came after us like good 'uns. As we climbed up into the open, the Germans started rattling us with rifle-fire, and I found to my horror that we were in a field of immense turnips. Turnips by day, to go over, are bad enough, but by night they are a veritable nightmare. And to add to our joy our orders were that there was to be no shouting or cheering, which latter inspires one immensely.

"To my dying day I shall thank the Almighty that I was first on the edge of the trench. What my feelings were as I looked down into the trench, grasping a seemingly insufficient sword and picturing a gigantic opponent, I will not attempt to describe. I set my teeth and leapt"—here comes the thrill—"to find the trench empty and the Germans running like hares! So the yarn was true about their dislike of the bayonet. . . ."

Who complains of being starved for news from the front when letters like that can come through? Be patient, *messieurs les rédacteurs*, and breathe into your columns the spirit of nobility that animates every loyal Englishman at this great crisis in our history!

AS AMERICA SEES IT: WAR CARTOONS FROM THE U.S.A.



"HOW LONG CAN THEY STAND IT?" THE GREAT AUSTRO-GERMAN JUGGLERS—POSITIVELY LAST APPEARANCE.

By W. Henry, in the "News Press," St. Joseph, Mo.



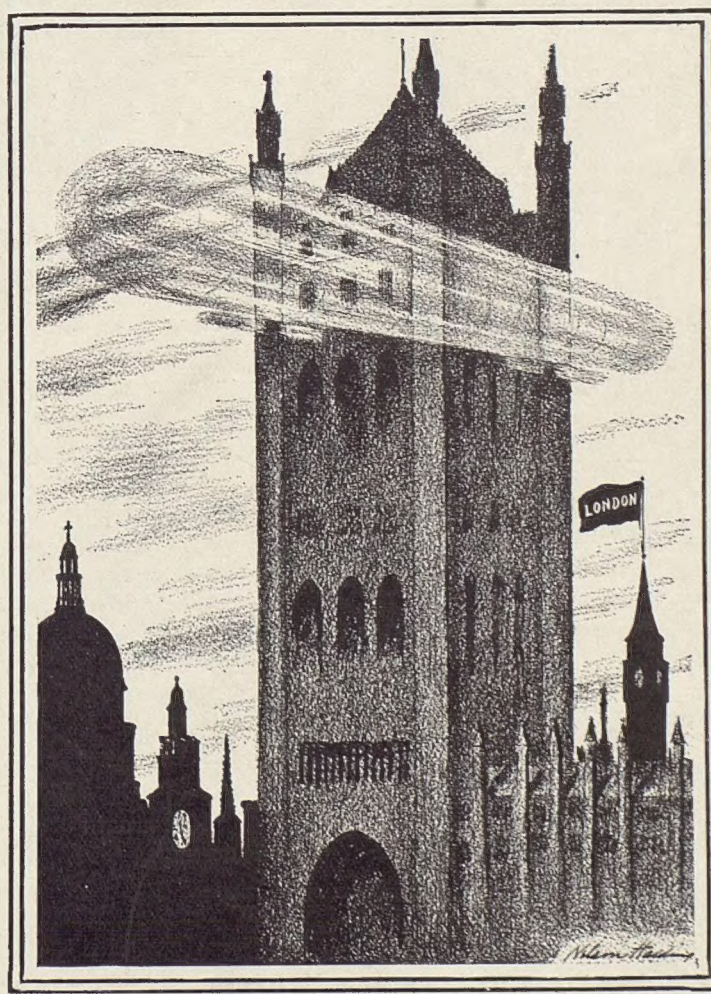
"NOTHING TO LOSE BUT HIMSELF": THE TURK LEAPS INTO THE FIERY PIT OF THE EUROPEAN WAR.

By Ray O. Evans, in the "Baltimore American."



"FEEDING THE FLAMES": THE APE OF MILITARISM CASTS INTO THE FIRE RELIGION, PHILOSOPHY, AND THE ARTS.

By Donahay, in the "Cleveland Plain Dealer."



"THE FLYING DUTCHMAN" (OR SHOULD IT BE, "THE FLYING DEUTSCHER"?): LONDON'S NIGHTMARE—THE SPECTRAL ZEPPELIN.

By Nelson Harding, in the "Brooklyn Eagle."

The States are, of course, intensely interested in the war, and, just as there is many a true word spoken in jest, their cartoons are a good index to their views and sympathies. In connection with American comment on the war, it may be mentioned that the "New York Times" recently published a "Bernhardi-esque" article by

Mr. Bernard Shaw, apparently similar to that mentioned on another page. The "Times" Washington correspondent says that "Americans in general are too well informed to be impressed by Mr. Shaw's acrobatics," but regrets that "he is so ready to sacrifice upon the altar of cheap paradox his reputation for patriotic intelligence."

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CAPTAIN DOUGLAS REYNOLDS
(37TH BATTERY, R.F.A.).



LIEUT. MAURICE J. DEASE
(ROYAL FUSILIERS).



SERG. DAVID NELSON
("L" BATTERY, R.H.A.,
(NOW 2ND LIEUT.))



BATT.-SERGT.-MAJOR
G. T. DORRELL
("L" BATTERY, R.H.A.).



CORPORAL C. E. GARFORTH
(15TH HUSSARS).



LANCE-CORPORAL C. A. JARVIS
(57TH FIELD CO., R.E.).

Captain Wright won his V.C. for gallantry at Mons, in attempting twice to connect up the lead to demolish a bridge under heavy fire, although wounded in the head during the first attempt. At Vailly, he was mortally wounded while assisting wounded men into shelter. Captain Grenfell won his Cross in action against unbroken infantry, and for assisting to save guns. Captain Ranken tended wounded in the trenches under fire even after his thigh and leg had been shattered. He has since died of wounds. Lieut. Dimmer served his machine-gun until five times shot, and held his post until the destruction of his gun. Captain Douglas Reynolds (now Major) limbered two guns under heavy fire and, with the enemy within a hundred yards, got one gun away. This at Le Cateau. Later, he reconnoitred at close range and

found and silenced a battery holding up the advance. Lieut. Dease, though badly wounded two or three times, controlled the fire of his machine-guns until all his men were shot. He has died of his wounds. Sergeant Nelson, now 2nd Lieut., helped to bring the "L" Battery guns into action under heavy fire at Néry and, while severely wounded, remained with them until all the ammunition had gone, although ordered to take cover. Battery-Sergeant-Major Dorrell, now 2nd Lieut., continued to serve an "L" Battery gun until all the ammunition was gone, after all the officers were killed or wounded. Corporal Garforth cut wire under fire, carried a man out of action, and, under Maxim fire, extricated a sergeant whose horse had been shot. Lance-Corporal Jarvis worked for 1½ hours under a heavy fire.

Photographs by Gale and Polden, Russell and Son, and Major.

IRONICAL!



TURKEY: I wonder—what did William mean when he said: "If you get to the other side, you'll get a Cross?"

DRAWN BY ALFRED LEETE.

A MASCOT FOR A REGIMENT: AN OFFER.

38, Wilton Place,

Knightsbridge.

DEAR SIR,

Excuse the liberty I am taking in writing to you, but I want you to help me about something. I am a little French girl, and I admire very much your soldiers, who so bravely enlist to go and fight and to protect my country. I know all the regiments have "mascottes." Well, when I was a little girl my pet name was Mascotte, for I was always very lucky to everyone; and my great desire is to send a little dog as a mascotte to a regiment. So could you help me by letting me know to whom I can send it? Coming from a little French girl who has herself many members of her family at the front, I am sure it will bring them luck.

Thanking you in anticipation, believe me, dear Sir, truly yours,

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Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE RIDDLE OF —: THE GERMAN SPY'S WORK.*

Spy-Sown France.

Let's talk of spies and heliographs—or, at least, of spies to whom heliographs are as nothing, making for what they love least, publicity! For the secret agent, potent or petty, must walk warily, though in fact he seems, as often as not, to live very much in the open, playing the innocent, the thriving small tradesman, or the mild, wide-eyed, bespectacled business man who is something in the City, all geniality and hail-fellow-well-met, and interest in parochial affairs. And begin by noting, what most now realise: that the spy may be everywhere. Germany, in particular—for every country has its paid informers—believes in making sure before moving. It has been said, evidently with much truth, that the notorious Stieber, the creator of our enemy's system of espionage, half won, before it was begun, that campaign against Austria which ended at Sadowa: this by establishing spies all along the routes that the army would have to traverse later. In the same way, he could claim the war of '70 as a victory.

"Fixed Posts" in Every Town.

How came this about? "Ex-Intelligence Officer" can tell. "The system may be said to have reached its zenith of perfection with the war of 1870, when in every French town and village of the north-east was a 'fixed post,' or, in plain English, a spy in the pay of the German secret service. So complete was the information furnished that the personal histories of individuals, their failings and eccentricities, were catalogued, and scandal was tabulated in the archives of Berlin for use in case it should be required, while fortifications and districts were mapped out with a thoroughness such as the military surveyors of France could not excel. When the war came the Prussian troops marched through the country and knew its resources and difficulties even better than the inhabitants themselves." There are both hint and warning! Stieber was no fool. After '70, it being deemed necessary to watch the conquered country, he (through the Minister of the Interior) made certain proposals. In these occurred the following: "All the fixed agents must hold not merely salaried positions . . . for they might at any time be dismissed from their posts, and in that case would no longer have plausible reason for remaining at their points of observation. . . . It must be laid down as a condition of the employment of a spy that he shall be obliged to keep some kind of an establishment, which he may select so long as it is, at least externally, thoroughly in keeping with the commercial or other requirements of the country in which he is engaged . . . it must be soundly established and possess a substantial goodwill. It must be borne in mind that it is necessary for our agents to inspire confidence in circles where they have their centre of action, and to inspire that confidence by outward indications of a commonplace bourgeois existence; by tactful charity and by making themselves useful in societies, associations, communities, and so forth; and by acquiring strong social positions." That merely for the little man, the small spy who is paid from £2 to £4 a week and out-of-pocket expenses, is himself watched, and reports to travelling inspectors—pseudo—"commercial," and so on. Of these fixed spies, the author asserts, 15,000 were known to exist in France alone when the present war broke out. Germany's annual expenditure on agents is admittedly £780,000 a year.

The Bigger Fish.

We have referred to the small fry. The bigger fish are proportionately more difficult to catch. They are not easily attracted by even the most cunningly contrived fly. They swim in deeper waters, in diplomacy, in the neighbourhood of defences. They are specially trained, pass stiff examinations in the technicalities of Navy and Army, in languages—indeed, in everything of value to their work: they have presence, and, above all, tact. There are women among them. Not the barmaids, nurses, and "professionals" who rank with the small "tradesmen," but women of social powers, able to run salons and gather up the fragments of talk which make basketfuls of reports.

Spy Against Spy.

Against the Secret Agent, counter-espionage is employed—very well employed, too—in this country and in others. As a general result—dangerous as spying unquestionably is—it is not always so valuable as it is imagined to be, particularly in the case of England. Fortunately, the method of Stieber exists in Germany without the man. There is comfort in that. A single quotation: "There is little likelihood of the system of German naval espionage having any definite effect in England until an invasion has been successfully accomplished, for there is a wide difference between learning the strength of a coast defence and overcoming that defence. Both in naval and military matters, also, the plan has long since been adopted of changing orders at irregular intervals . . . information supplied by spies one week may be quite valueless the next." Nevertheless, it is very wise to take all precautions—indeed, in the greatest war the world has known, it is not possible to take too many: there is security in care.—An exceedingly fascinating book, this "German Spy System from Within": all can read it with the certainty of being "held" by it, and of gaining much insight into a hotly debated problem.

* "The German Spy System from Within." By "Ex-Intelligence Officer." (Hodder and Stoughton; 2s. net.)

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THE CALL OF DUTY INTERVENES: A BRIDE-ELECT.



TO HAVE BEEN MARRIED ON NOV. 21—HAD THE BRIDEGROOM-TO-BE BEEN ABLE TO OBTAIN LEAVE FROM HIS MILITARY DUTIES: MISS GWENDOLYN VAN RAALTE.

It is becoming quite usual, but none the less a source of sympathetic regret, to find official notices such as the following, which appeared on what should have been the eve of the wedding: "The marriage between Second-Lieutenant Noel Francis, R.F.A., and Miss Gwendolyn Van Raalte, fixed for to-morrow, at St. George's Church, Hanover Square, is unavoidably postponed owing to the bridegroom being unable to obtain leave

from his military duties." "To-morrow" was Saturday, Nov. 21. The bride-elect is a sister of Lady Howard de Walden, both Miss Gwendolyn Van Raalte and Lady Howard de Walden—Miss Margherita—being daughters of the late Mr. Charles Van Raalte and Mrs. Van Raalte, of Brownsea Island, Dorset. Second-Lieutenant Noel Charles Fitzroy Francis is in the Royal Field Artillery, to which he was gazetted on Aug. 29.

Photograph by Langfier.

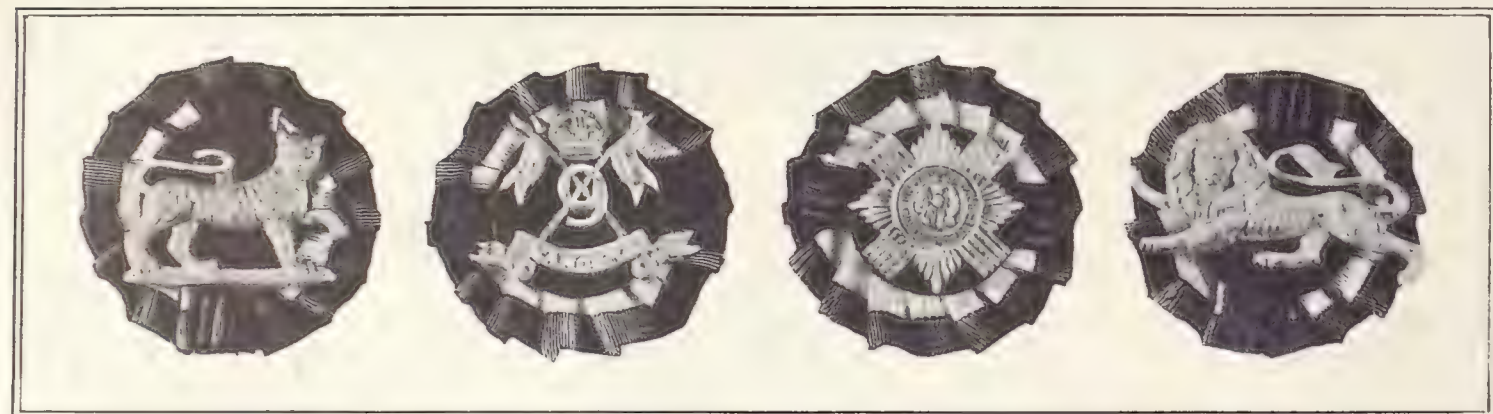
THE CAMERA AS CORRESPONDENT: WAR PICTURES.



THE FATHERLAND'S LAST LINE? DISTRIBUTING PERSONAL GIFTS TO THE BERLIN LANDSTURM WHEN STARTING FOR THE FRONT.



AS IT HAS BEEN HERE: VALUING BERLINERS' CONTRIBUTIONS OF FAMILY PLATE TO THE NATIONAL WAR FUND.



THE REGIMENTAL BADGES OF OUR BRAVE DEAD AS "IN MEMORIAM" BADGES FOR THE PERSONAL WEAR OF MOURNERS: SOME EXAMPLES—BADGE OF REGIMENT; RED, WHITE, AND BLUE ROSETTE; AND BAND OF CRÊPE.



"KITCHENER'S BOYS" OF THE "FIGHTING FIFTH" AT PLAY: SOLDIERS OF THE 10TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS BLANKET TOSSING AT BULLSWORTHY CAMP, PIRBRIGHT.



THE HIDDEN DEATH OF THE SEA "SNIPED": A SUBMARINE MINE RIDDLED WITH BULLET-HOLES AFTER BEING WASHED UP ON THE EAST COAST.

Berlin has been displaying marked interest in its Landsturm contingent on their leaving the German capital for the front. A personal present was made to each man before he set out—leading ladies of the city making the individual presentations.—Fired by the recalling in the public Press of what took place 100 years ago, when Germany rose *en masse* to throw off the yoke of Napoleon, people of all classes all over Germany have been bringing their jewels and plate or ornaments for conversion into cash contributions for the National War Fund. In the case of gold wedding-rings, iron souvenir rings are given in exchange, exactly as happened in 1813.—Singularly appropriate emblems have been designed by the Patriotic Badge Company, of Rosebery House, Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, for relatives of those who fall

on the Field of Honour in the war. They take the form of the regimental badges, mounted on silk rosettes of the national colours with mourning crêpe. The idea seems the most suitable of the many that have been proposed, such as the wearing of coloured arm-bands. Regimental emblems would serve as permanent souvenirs which might become heirlooms. The fourth illustration shows "Kitchener's boys" of the 10th Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers (the famous "Fighting Fifth"), at recreation off duty—tossing a comrade in a blanket. The 10th, together with the 11th Battalion is at Bullsworthy Camp.—The bullet-holes in the washed-up mine were caused by an endeavour to explode it by means of rifle-fire, a common method of making an end of these pests of the North Sea.

A PRIORI PROBABILITY.



THE SUSPECT: Well, boy, what are you looking at me like that for?

THE ZEALOUS BOY SCOUT (*on guard at a reservoir*): Please, Sir, we're looking for a foreign gentleman with fifty tons of chemicals concealed on his person.

DRAWN BY HARRY ROUNTREE.



COUNTESS ROBERTS.

LADY AILEEN ROBERTS and Viscountess Wolseley, the daughters of soldiers, have both succeeded to a soldier's peerage. In each case the compliment has fallen on a lady peculiarly fitted to receive it. In some ways, it might be argued, a fighting man's honours are the least easy to perpetuate in the female line: they have been won in the battlefield, they are the fruits of action—they belong, in other words, to a man and to a man only. But the argument is purely academic: it does not stand the test of actual contact with a family such as that of the great General who went to his resting-place last week.

Father and Daughter.

Countess Roberts is in all things a soldier's daughter; and Lord Roberts—the Lord Roberts of home life—was essentially a father. Even in camp the parental instinct was strong in him. Read the description of his last visit to a hospital in France, and you will know the secret of his hold upon thousands and thousands of English privates. He cared for them with something of a father's care, and they knew it. When other Generals went the rounds of these same beds in France, the wounded would attempt a salute, they would respond to a greeting with such soldierly manners as they could command; but if they were too badly hurt to make any response they let the visitor pass, and—good riddance! But when Roberts entered every man was eager to do more than salute and answer inquiries, and there was not a man too bad (unless he were unconscious) to make some response to the presence of Bobs. A doctor who gave an account of the scene was moved to tears.

The Baby in Arms.

With a parent, then, who was both a soldierly father and a fatherly soldier, Lady Roberts is a woman in a thousand. The household she was brought up in was always run on a semi-military system. At her birth the Mutiny was ancient history, and her father had been through the Abyssinian Expedition and other campaigns; but India still needed him, and for the first years of Aileen's life she was, like the Wee Willie Winkie of Kipling's story, a child of India. Wee Willie Winkie, when naughty and sent to the nursery, looked upon himself as "confined to barracks," and earned and lost good-conduct stripes many times in a month. Lady Aileen, we may suppose, needed fewer punishments; but in some sort her bringing-up was on the Winkie plan. India, however, did not know her only as a child; her father's appointments there covered the greater portion of her early life, and although she was much in England between times, she was also often an unofficial member of the General's Staff.

Two Indias.

Although Lord Roberts did not finally leave India till 1893, Lady Aileen knew very little of the other and most unchildlike side of life in Indian stations described by Mr. Kipling in "Plain Tales from the Hills" and "the Story of the Gadsbys." Kipling deals with a military and civil existence full of "things that are not pretty and uglinesses that hurt." He shows the worst of life in Simla, but at the same time assures us in a preface that "India is not entirely inhabited by men and women who play tennis with the Seventh Commandment." But that preface is all too brief and offhand a refutation: it needs a book from such an observer as Lady Roberts to correct the impression of the "Plain Tales." And her book, if she writes it, will be quite as convincing and very nearly as clever.

The Worker.

For Lady Roberts is clever as well as charming. The lively and intelligent profile is a just index. America, during a brief visit, learned to like and admire her as it

likes and admires an Englishwoman only when there is ample reason. India likes and admires her; and England, in so far as it knows her, is equally devoted. Round and about Englemere, which has been and will be her English headquarters, she is praised for good works; and her interest in social questions has a wider field: it includes the problems of the city. Her father was not blind to them. More than once he turned from questions of Home Defence in the military sense to questions of Home in the larger aspects.

The Sisters.

At home, the reputation for humour was mainly Lady Edwina's, the name for seriousness mainly Lady Aileen's. By a fair division of labour in a well-conducted household, each daughter took her share under those two heads; while the one made herself amusing, the other made herself useful. That household rule, however, does rather less than justice to the sisters: the parts, it seems to me, were easily interchangeable, and the lady who is now the mistress of Englemere is capable and charming in all capacities.

At Home.

Englemere itself will not be changed. It is, before all things, the home of Lord Bobs (as such was he known in the circle of his friends), and Lady Roberts is the last person in the world to alter anything. On the lawn is the gun beside which the son of the house was killed at Colenso. On the walls of two or three rooms are pictures of Lord Roberts's own Gurkha regiment in action; on the walls of the corridors are the posters that announced to London the news of his victories. It is a soldier's house, and a soldier's house it will remain while it is in the hands of a soldier's daughter.



A NEW PEERESS IN HER OWN RIGHT: COUNTESS ROBERTS, THE LATE FIELD-MARSHAL'S ELDER DAUGHTER, WITH HER FATHER AT A SCOTTISH HOUSE-PARTY.

Lady Aileen Roberts, the elder daughter of Lord Roberts, has succeeded to her father's Earldom by special remainder. She was with him at the last, having accompanied him to France, as did also her sister's husband, Major Lewin. The new Countess, who is unmarried, was born in 1870. The above photograph was taken at Sir John Stirling-Maxwell's place, Pollok House, Pollokshaws, last year, when Lord Roberts spoke at Glasgow on national defence. From left to right, sitting, are Lady Stirling-Maxwell, Lord Roberts, Lady Aileen Roberts (now Countess Roberts), and Lord Glenconner. Standing behind is Sir John Stirling-Maxwell. The children are Lady Stirling-Maxwell's daughter and niece.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]

PRINCESS MARY, EDITOR: RESPONSIBLE FOR A GIFT-BOOK.



"PRINCESS MARY," BY J. J. SHANNON, R.A.: THE FRONTISPIECE TO "PRINCESS MARY'S GIFT-BOOK."

Princess Mary has given practical help to the Queen's "Work for Women" Fund by arranging for a volume of paintings, drawings, stories, and poems by famous artists and authors, to be published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, all the profits being given to the Queen's Fund, which, acting in conjunction with the National Relief Fund, is doing excellent service. The contributors include some of the most famous authors

and artists of the day, and the volume will be a splendid half-crown's-worth, while every copy will help to relieve women suffering through the war. The Princess acknowledges the help given to her in a graceful note, in which she says: "I desire to express my very best thanks to those Authors and Artists who have so generously contributed to my Gift Book."

Reproduced from the Portrait by J. J. Shannon, R.A.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER'S

THE Prince of Wales, in taking up his duties as Aide-de-Camp to General French, has his khaki enlivened with sundry braids and edgings of red. The broad band round the cap is the chief note of colour, but the whole uniform of a staff officer is picked out in scarlet—with the result, sometimes, that its wearer himself is picked out by the enemy's accomplished snipers.

His Royal Highness's Chief. In some senses the staff officer's duties are safer than those of the young Lieutenant who must lead charges and occasionally stand up in the trenches to direct his men's fire. But on the other hand (as I am told by a wounded officer whose gayer uniform, picked out in red, now hangs on a peg at his bedside in Guy's), the A.D.C. runs risks that are peculiar to his station. He has constantly to ride through shell-fire, and must often cover open ground when everybody else is safely sheltered. In consequence of the danger he runs from specially directed aim, one of the Brigade Generals has advised his staff to strip off the distinguishing red. But this is only in one Brigade. The other Generals (and the Prince of Wales's chief is among them) have not thought that any such advice would be welcome to the dashing officers they have picked out for personal and conspicuous service.



WIFE OF A WOUNDED OFFICER:
LADY ARDEE.

Lady Ardee, whose husband, Lieut.-Colonel Lord Ardee, of the Grenadier Guards, has been wounded in action, was Lady Aileen May Wyndham-Quin, daughter of the fourth Earl of Dunraven. Lord Ardee is the eldest son, and heir, of the twelfth Earl of Meath. They were married in 1908, and have one son and two daughters.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

The sight of Lord Roberts's charger must have reminded a thousand-and-one onlookers of cases of that minor tragedy of war—the separation of man and beast. Whether an officer has a favourite horse shot under him or whether a devoted dog looks in vain for the return of a master, the pathos, such as it is, is undeniable. What, for instance, has become of Smoke, the black dog that used to be Admiral Cradock's inseparable companion? The Admiral and the animal were, of old, famous in many home stations for their mutual devotion. And Smoke, whose name expresses the transience of all things, is typical of innumerable instances of similar attachments.

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Byways of Censorship. To some of us the various and peculiar activities of the Censorship are unexpectedly brought home. The opening of Italian letters, for instance, comes as a continual surprise to peaceful citizens. Not only are such

letters opened, but they seem to be pretty thoroughly perused. On one envelope recently received by a dweller in Lancaster Gate from a married daughter in Rome was written in the official fist: "This correspondent should not write at such length." And on another: "This correspondent must write more legibly." Such remarks can hardly be taken as commands: they are appeals wrung from the heart of a much-harassed department.

The Picturesque Scare.

M. Rodin is becoming a confirmed Londoner, in everything but speech. He goes every-

where, and talks with everybody, but never in English. The result, of course, is that on all sides he is greeted with commonplaces by people who dare not venture on any but just the very simplest sentences in French. But if he shifts the burden of a foreign tongue on to the other party, he does it with the best grace in the world, and seems always deeply interested in the tentative remarks addressed to him in London drawing-rooms. The other afternoon a lady deplored the fact that he should be welcomed here at a time of darkness.

"I am afraid you find London very triste," she said. "On the contrary, I find it beautiful," he answered; "I have never known it look more beautiful."

The Great Distraction.

Mme. Rodin, like all refugees, is full of apologies for her wardrobe. "We came at such short notice," is the usual plea; and the smarter the refugee, the more often she uses it. "I have nothing but what I stand in," says the fair Belgian who seems never to wear the same dress twice, and who must, in her heart of hearts, regard herself as a model to the less scrupulously tidy Englishwoman she passes in Bond Street. Mme. Rodin, by the way, has the unexpected look of a character out of Jane Austen, and must not be classed with the inordinately elegant matrons in distress who hasten to replenish their wardrobes as soon as they discover that London is supplied with Parisian dressmakers; but she apologises all the same. Dress, rather than the weather, provides the small talk of the refugee: the war is the one thing never mentioned. This one can quite understand. It is a touch not merely of feminine but of human nature at such a time.



WHEN SHE REVIEWED 1500 GIRL GUIDES:
LADY BADEN-POWELL.

Lady Baden-Powell, who is an enthusiastic worker among girl guides, held a review of the guides the other day, and was much pleased with the smartness and efficiency of her young protégées.—[Photograph by Farrington.]



MAKER OF AN APPEAL FOR THE MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC PROFESSIONS:
MISS ELIZABETH ASQUITH—WITH MR. ISIDORE DE LARA, ON HER RIGHT, AND DON LUIS DE CORDOVA - FIGUEROA, DUQUE DE MEDINACELLI.

At Claridge's Hotel on the 17th inst., Miss Elizabeth Asquith, daughter of the Prime Minister, made an appeal on behalf of members of the musical and dramatic professions out of engagements through the war, and also recited Kipling's poem, "If." The Rane of Sarawak took part in piano and cello duets.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

THE FIELD OF HONOUR: A SUFFERER BY THE WAR.



THE WIDOW OF A DUKE'S SON WHO WAS KILLED IN ACTION: LADY BERNARD GORDON-LENNOX.

The lady of whom we give a portrait was, before her marriage, the Hon. Evelyn Loch, and is daughter of the first and sister of the present Baron Loch. She was married to Major Lord Bernard Charles Gordon-Lennox, of the Grenadier Guards, in 1907. Lady Bernard has wide sympathy in the loss of her gallant husband, who has been killed in action. There are two children of the marriage—George Charles, born in 1908, and Alexander Henry Charles, born in 1911. Lord Bernard Gordon-Lennox,

who was the third son of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, came of a fighting stock, and, like his father, his uncle, Lord Algernon, and his brothers, Lord March and Lord Esmé Gordon-Lennox, had served with distinction in the South African War. He was also in China, and one of the officers who qualified, at the Chinese Regiment Test Examination, in the Chinese language. In the South African War he received the Queen's medal with two clasps.—[Photograph by Rita Martin.]



NUTS AND SPORT. BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

WHERE are the "Nuts" of yester-year? And what are "Nuts"? We have almost forgotten the term. It is that there are no longer any such things. Pallas has changed fine fops into valiant warriors, and all "Nuts" into Men. They have proved themselves very hard to crack and of an excellent quality, those English nuts. At the first sound of the bugles they have vanished from the clubs and Bond Street and the cabarets. The links and the best floors where one dances see them no more. Their nutty hearts are deliciously childish and simple, and to watch the metamorphosis of those bespatted, bemonocled, bemanicured young men from the stays-stage, so to speak, to usefulness and a uniform is an interesting process. What the results of the war will be, God knows (that is, if the Kaiser condescends to take him into his confidence!), but some of its pleasantest effects we can already see for ourselves—in the "nuts"! They are learning to talk without a drawl, they are learning to walk without a stoop, they are learning to live by facing death! War is a magnificent school for "nuts."

Their points of view, their working out of the war problems, would be worthy of a book of essays—"On the Transformation of the British Puppy into the British Bulldog."

The other day I was sharing a muffin, a sofa, and the fire's glow with a very young, brand-new officer, obviously and touchingly in his teens. He was telling me, after other things, how he disliked the war and everything connected with it. "I loathe tramping," he said; "I hate physical fatigue, coarse food, short rest, cold, damp, noise, violence, the sight of blood—never could hunt: the death of a stag seems a sin to my conscience, the butchered beauty of a pheasant is to my mind an abomination. To me, War is spelt Horror!"

"But then," I asked in surprise, "why are you going?"

The boy looked at me with utter astonishment on his cherubim's face. "Why," he answered, as calmly, as simply, as if he were saying a commonplace, "because it is my duty." Just like that. It may read stagey, but it really sounded as beautifully noble as the accepted everyday disagreeableness. He did deserve to be kissed, did he not? Eh, what? No, there were other people on other sofas in the room, and all insufficiently absorbed in the other muffins! They might have—they certainly would have—misunderstood my patriotic motives!

And here in a recent letter from a God-forsaken hole (if there is such a place, which I don't believe, for every acre of the good earth is blessed, however dull and damp it may seem to a London

beautiful as Adonis, as gifted as a god, as happy as a sophisticated savage—that is to say, one who knows and cares not. A boy who danced so as to render envious Vestris, who sang so as to compel a nun to scale the convent wall, who painted so that you wanted to live in his landscapes rather than in Arcady! A boy upon whom Heaven, and especially Earth, had smiled. And that boy went. But he did not even go to the front. Without glamour, glory, or thrills, he splashes about in the mud, drilling silly platoons, and spoiling his voice shouting against the wind. And he accepts it all with the same insouciance with which he accepted the adulations of ball-room belles and the laudations of their spiderish mammas. But one grievance spoils the homogeneity of his heroism—his knight armour has a kink.

"There is one awful desire that I can't get rid of. I want to dance, dance, dance! I shan't dance again till goodness knows when, and it is positive agony to sit still when someone plays a waltz or rag. I have to content myself with memories of nights that were, and even that won't keep my limbs from wanting to dance! One day I shall leave my barracks and climb a mountain near here, and dance there to my feet's content. I shall have to get hold of the dancing demon in me and chain him up (not choke him, because I shall want him again some day); I have killed the talkative one and the artistic one, and have almost got rid of Martouche's bugbear—the Artistic Temperament." Touching, isn't it?

Now let me here explain in self-defence that it is not so much the Artistic Temperament as the words in themselves that I abhor, so often have I been flagellated with them, whenever it happened to me to be late, to lose my umbrella, to introduce the wrong people to the right ones, to pay a bill twice, or forget my hat in taxis—those aigretty ones, you know, beastly things that snap like anything at anybody (but that is indiscreet digression).

To come back to "nuts," they all have gone in the right sort of spirit; they did not order their uniforms as one fits on a shooting-jacket for the moors—they did it gravely, soberly, almost as a *sacerdos*. They left all silliness and swank in the pockets of their mufti. Few there were who spoke of "Fun," none who said anything about "Sport." They actually seem to have learned the exact value of words!

And the sentimental "nuts" (of whom there are more than fashion allows us to perceive), removed from the study and worship of stage stars, began to study men and look at Nature, and some of them—but I'll crack that particular kind of "nuts" next week, amiable readers, for here is a menacing margin, and so here is, perforce, the final full-stop.



THE WIFE OF THE NEW GOVERNOR OF QUEENSLAND: LADY GOOLD-ADAMS.

Lady Goold-Adams, the wife of Major Sir Hamilton John Goold-Adams, G.C.M.G., who has been transferred from the High Commissionership of Cyprus to succeed Sir William MacGregor as Governor of Queensland, Australia, is a daughter of Mr. Charles Riordan, of Montreal, and was married three years ago.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.



A BELGIAN LADY DOCTOR IN HER RED CROSS UNIFORM: MLE. VAN WEYENBERGH.

Mlle. Van Weyenbergh, who holds rank as Docteur Infirmière de l'Armée Belge has done invaluable service with noble self-devotion on behalf of her wounded fellow-countrymen from the beginning of the war. She went through the bombardments of Liège and Namur. She has been at the front throughout until recently, when she came to England

[Continued opposite.]



A BELGIAN LADY DOCTOR IN HER FIELD-SERVICE GARB: MLE. VAN WEYENBERGH.

[Continued.] for a few days' rest and recuperation in Hampshire. Mlle. Van Weyenbergh is to resume duty at the seat of war again shortly. One photograph shows her in her hospital nursing costume; the other, in the field-service dress adopted by Mlle. Van Weyenbergh when on duty on the battlefield.

Photographs by Chandler.

nut)—here is another point of view, that of a young man whom Nature, Life, and Women had conspired to spoil. A boy as

“NOT AT HOME”; A WELCOME “SEDAN”; CONCRETE!



CALLING UPON THE GERMANS? “NOT AT HOME” BECAUSE ON SERVICE.



A “SEDAN” TO ENCOURAGE! THE BOX-OFFICE FOR RED CROSS CONCERT TEAS.



SUSPECTED—BUT WITHOUT FOUNDATION! A GERMAN LAWN-TENNIS CLUB’S ASPHALT COURTS TORN UP BY FRENCH IN SEARCH OF CONCRETE GUN-BEDS.

Like all human affairs, even the great war has its contrasts—the silver and the brass sides of the shield—represented by very grave and sometimes rather humorous details. Our first picture, for instance, shows an idea at once unconventional and practical. It takes the form of a “Not-at-Home” disc, to be seen in many windows in the Carshalton and Sutton district. It bears the inscription: “A man from this house now serving in his Majesty’s Forces”—and, in the centre: “NOT AT HOME.” There

are both the pride of the house and a hint to slackers!—Our second picture shows the picturesque Sedan chair of the Past pressed into the service of the Present, as the box-office of a house in Conduit Street, where the promoters give “Red Cross Concert Teas.”—Our third illustration is of the lawn-tennis court of a German club, with a handsome club-house intact, but the court itself broken up by French searchers for concrete gun-beds.—[Photograph No. 1 by G.P.U.; Nos. 2 and 3, Illustrations Bureau.]



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

TOOTHACHE.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

AGAIN as the reliefs came up through the drizzle of the night they heard the rasp of the spades and the click of thrown earth. They heard it muffled and sodden as it floated down the hillside; and as they heard it the men, at one inspired impulse, cursed. Even Monhagan lifted his mind out of his pain and swore.

"Oh, my dear Lord," he snuffled through tightly closed teeth; for the wind was sweeping onward like a sheet of ice. "Oh, my dear Lord. That's the lid on it—that's the limit. I ain't going to stand another night of that. That's the boilin' limit."

The man beside Monhagan had cursed with the most earnest of them, but now he sniggered. Monhagan was in agony. Monhagan had said so several hundred times for several days. Monhagan's pain was common knowledge. The man knew it, as every other man in the company knew it. That is why he sniggered. He didn't hate Monhagan. It was just the nature of man to snigger at another's pain; especially at these tense moments was it the nature of man to snigger at another's pain. Monhagan turned and cursed him; he didn't hate the man either—cursing was a relief.

The men shuffled through the mud on tip-toes, trying not to make a sound. Whenever a boot clicked on a stone, or whenever rifle-butt clattered against a bayonet, the men turned upon the owner of the boot or the butt and scorched him with eyes of hate. When not so occupied they glared through the darkness up the hill. It was not a unique hill. It swept at a gentle, almost imperceptible slope to a crest that was now nearly half a mile away. It was not a dramatic or inspiring hill, for if it had been daylight it would be seen to be cut up with half-tilled fields, some mean hedges, and little patches of bush. To these men, however, this hill was not meanly insignificant. At the top of it, and half-way down the side of it, was death in trenches. It was the enemy who held the summit.

As they moved on they looked upward with glances fearfully expectant. They were wondering if death would be turned on at the tap for their benefit; if so, at what angle and at what moment. Last night the reliefs had got it in the neck. They had changed the hour to-night—but that might not make any difference. The beggars on the hill-top were ever fearfully alert.

Then, suddenly, the men stopped, and a sound like the hiss of a puncture leaped out of the ranks. Right above them on the hill a rod, terrible and hard, of bitter white light struck silently through the air. It held itself in a superbly rigid attitude against the bleak blackness of the night for a moment, then in a ghastly white silence it began to slip towards the men over the hillside. The men fell flat in the mud at once.

They were sodden already, but they could feel the fresh ooze of the mushy ground creeping into their skin through their clothes. They knew, as they hated, the sensations well. The newer damp always got through at the knees and elbows first. It was a minute or two before it struck through the clothes at the stomach, though that clammy, clinging, chilly invasion was the worst. Then they would feel the wet cold climbing up to their chests, chilling their ribs as the clothes soaked the damp like a sponge. One of the most pleasant thoughts at these moments was the knowledge that they were to remain in these muddy, sodden garments for the rest of the night.

The light came poking over the slope towards them. It seemed to be turning over the shadows, feeling for them. The men watched its uncanny, horribly silent movement with chests aching with suppressed breathing. With a sigh of relief, they saw that a clump of bushes would break up the beam of the searchlight and leave them in shadow.

"It's all gay," said the man who had sniggered. "It'll jump us. Them bushes——"

Monhagan cursed him. "Don't you talk to me," he snarled. "You leave me alone. I don't want to hear anything." As he opened his mouth, the wind got into it. He uttered a sudden little "Wow!" and gave a kick of pain.

The sergeant came round on his filthy elbows and spat red-hot threats at the sufferer.

"You blinkin' flat-back!" he snarled. "You half-baked blighter! Shut your trap! Do you want us all to be killed?"

"I don't care," snarled Monhagan. "I don't care what happens. I don't care if I'm killed. I want to be killed."

The light wheeled slowly, came over them. Although every man was in the shadow, every man nuzzled closer into the muck of the hillside, held his breath. The light hung above them for eternities. It was pausing—surely it was pausing! The men cringed closer. In a minute the first crack of shrapnel would be over them—they were just ready for it—the light slipped by them, went on.

The men were on their feet a minute later, moving swiftly upward again. As they went, the sergeant came alongside Monhagan.

"What th' hell d'yer mean by kickin' up that row?" he hissed. "D'yer want the lot of us to be killed? If there's any more uv it, me baynit goes inter yer, see? Right inter yer, somewhere where it'll 'urt 'o'rid."

"I don't care," he growled. "I'm past caring. I'm desprit. If you 'ad a face like mine, you'd be desprit. An' it's yor fault, enny'ow. If you'd a let me go to th' 'ospital——"

"'Ospital!" sneered the sergeant. "'Ospital! 'Ospital for a face-ache! I never 'eared ennything so barmy. Ennything so—don't let me 'ear enny more——"

"I'm desprit. I don't know what I'm doing. I don't care."

The front men had halted. Busy with his whispering, Monhagan ran into the man before him. The jolt shook him—uncurled new filaments of darting pain in his decayed tooth. He almost screamed. If the sergeant's bayonet had not been so near, he would have screamed. He half-doubled with pain, and sweating cold sweat, strained himself to crush the agony. The sergeant left him and forgot him. He had business to do. The men they were to relieve came out of the trenches, walking like narrow ghosts in black, and squelched past them. As they went by they showered their good wishes for the night on the reliefs. "Ye'll find the slush nice an' soft ter yer feet, after yer march. An' if th' water is up to yer 'ips, we've taken th' chill haff." One cynic suggested, as they would not be able to smoke so near the enemy, he'd be glad to relieve anyone of their fags. They went by cheerfully, in spite of the unlovely hours they had spent in the trench. The reliefs could hear the water sloshing in their boots as they marched. With a muttered joke or two, the relieving men let them by; then, carefully, they flopped down into the rifle-pit, hissing like bathers going into an icy sea as the collected rain-water splashed about their knees. Monhagan struck the water groaning. Last night he had lived through hours of pain-wracked terror because of these trenches. It would be worse to-night. The piercing pain in his tooth seemed to go shrieking through every nerve in his body.

The officer of the retiring company met the newcomers, and took their commander along to show him what had been done, to point out to him what was yet to be done.

The trench was one that had been held three days ago by the enemy. It cut in a long gash the surface of the hill-side. The enemy had heaped the earth on one side as a firing parapet; when the line had been captured the attacking force had heaped earth on the other side, the side facing the top of the hill. The trench had been deepened and widened for this, so that not only could the two officers walk abreast, but their heads were nearly eighteen inches below the top of the rifle parapets. A broad step had been cut out of the earth on the side facing the hill, and this served as a platform, on which the men would stand should the enemy attack. The sergeant was busy stringing a part of his company along this platform in readiness for any onslaught. The remainder of the men splashed along at the heels of the officers, not quite certain yet whether they were lucky or not. To remain on watch on the platform meant a night of splendid indolence perhaps, but to wet men it would be a very chilly business. They themselves would have to work hard all night, but the work would keep them warm. The risk of being killed, of course, was common to both tasks.

The men walked stoically along the little river that made the floor of the trench. They showed no interest when they passed a quick-firing gun looking odd, and abrupt and rather spidery against the sky, or interest either when they passed the tiny shelter where three R.A.M.C. men were trying to find out which were damp and which were dry bandages by the inadequate light of a screened candle lamp. They went sullenly forward at the gait of labourers who had just left the first workmen's train. In a minute they came to a gap shining blackly in the trench-wall. The officers.

[Continued overleaf.]

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LINEAGE AND LOGIC.



THE WAITER (to the Housemaid): Well, 'ere's me, with two brothers and a cousin in Portland Prison and three sisters in Paddington Workus, and then the first question strangers always asks me is, "Waiter, are you a German?"



THE ORACLE: Aha! You may depend upon't that if this 'ere Kaiser is a-leadin' of 'is troops 'isself, then leadin' 'em 'e is; but if 'e aint—wy then, 'ow can 'e be?

DRAWINGS BY FRED BUCHANAN.

WAR ON GERMAN TRADE ?



A BUSINESS MAN (*keen on the War*): By the way, Solly got his commission
ONE OF THE UN-NATURALISED: Vell done! 'Ow much per cent.?

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

A Very Christian Gentleman.

In these war times, to most of us the old faith seems especially dear, and we like to remember that our military hero, who died among the troops he loved so well, was a very Christian gentleman. Although a man of war by profession, in his heart and soul and nature he had the peace that passeth all understanding. His wish was to ensure peace for his beloved country by being notably prepared for war. Among the characteristics of our Field-Marshal hero that particularly struck women were his chivalry towards our sex; his love of, and his beautiful manner with, children; and his simple, natural, manly way of stating the faith that was in him. Lady Roberts has been an invalid for some years, and Lord Roberts's wonderful care of her, solicitude for her, and constant attention were the subjects of admiration to all who knew the family circle. His daughters were his comrades and his friends, but always treated with the chivalry which was part of the man. The elder is now Countess Roberts. I saw Lord Roberts last about six weeks ago driving along the Mall in a motor-car alone. He looked very anxious and troubled, and I thought, "There is bad news from the front"; and



WHEN IVAN IVANOVICH GOES TO THE FRONT: THE RUSSIAN SOLDIER'S AU REVOIR EMBRACE.

Ivan is, of course, the popular generic name in Russia for the private soldier, just as Tommy Atkins is among us. There, as all over the Continent, kissing and embracing is usual among men of all ranks and classes in moments of emotion, at meetings and at partings, such as that we see here, where a soldier about to entrain for the front is bidding good-bye to a comrade—a relative, it may be.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

there was, next day—one of the heaviest casualty lists of the war. The women of Ireland, who all but worshipped Lord Roberts, subscribed—largely by sums of a shilling—for his Star of St. Patrick and its Badge. Over and above the £700 for the insignia in real jewels, there was a handsome cheque for Lady Roberts for the Soldiers and Sailors' Families Association. The presentation took place after the South African campaign.

Violets, Sweet Violets.

There is no scent more delightful, more refreshing, more fascinating than that of English violets. English ladies, the Misses A. and D. Allen-Brown, have managed to capture it in the form of a particularly delicious and satisfactory perfume. It is also charming to be able to announce that they make Allen-Brown's Old Sussex Lavender-water and Allen-Brown's English-made Eau-de-Cologne. All these things form useful presents for wounded and for convalescent friends, as well as for those who are happily sound and well. This being so, the patriotic offer made up to Dec. 20 of a discount of 2s. in the pound on all orders for 20s. will be much appreciated. There is also a most attractive list of novelties for Christmas gifts, including a guinea hamper containing many specimens of the series of preparations—soap-powder, bath-crystals, violet-foam, etc. The motor toilet-case for 18s. 6d. is also a most useful and dainty present. The Allen-Brown bath-bowls are in tremendous favour, and are very favourite gifts. A little booklet is issued giving illustrations of the many charming, dainty, and exclusive things that the Misses A. and D. Allen-Brown have

prepared for Christmas; it will be sent on application to them at the Violet Nurseries, Henfield, Sussex.

Parlez-Vous Francais?

Previous to the war, most of our rank and file would have said, "No, and don't want to; good old English is good enough for us." The war has, however, changed many points of view, and our soldiers are immensely grateful for a little booklet which is being furnished to the troops at the front, entitled "What You Want to Say and How to Say it in French," with the compliments of Messrs. Coleman and Co., Wincarnis Works, Norwich. There is imitated French pronunciation, as true as any system of phonetics can make it; and if a soldier does not care to venture on it he can always point to the printed phrase. Many of them can get along quite nicely in making their wants known, and the War Office is very appreciative of this help to them.

A Comprehensive Insurance.

We women-kind, in insuring our lives, think of all sorts of things, such as provision for advancing years, etc. There is a "Prospectus for Ladies' Insurance" issued by that large and long-established life assurance company, the Scottish Widows' Fund. It is well worth while to secure one of these prospectuses. So many women with independent incomes, or who earn their living, will find in it schemes of immense interest. It will be sent post free on application to the offices, 28, Cornhill, E.C.; 9, St. Andrews Square, Edinburgh; or 5, Waterloo Place, S.W.

Memorial Services Instead of Marriages.

The fashionable churches in town are affected by the war in being used for memorial services where they were wont to be for fashionable marriages. The same people attend these services that used to go to most of the weddings, but with what a difference! It is one of the sharpest social contrasts of the war. It is also remarkable that many men attend the services. They look steady and stern; and grief—plainly as it can, alas! be read on the faces of so many of our best-known ladies—seems almost overcome by a kind of what may be called light in the eyes. The men have passed from the ken of those who love them—that is the grief; but they have left the memories of heroes—that is the light! The people who go to the churches for memorial services are far finer than they were when they went for marriages; and the fineness will last, too, for the weddings that they will attend when



RED CROSS AND HUNTING-HORN: MISS BETTY RUCK-KEENE, OF SWYNCOMBE, AT A MEET OF THE SOUTH OXFORDSHIRE HOUNDS.

Miss Betty Ruck-Keene is the daughter of Captain C. E. Ruck-Keene, formerly of the Shropshire Light Infantry and Royal Fusiliers, of Swyncombe, Henley-on-Thames, whose residence has been lent to the local Red Cross Committee for nursing the wounded.

Photograph by Sport and General.



RED CROSS AND HUNTING-HORN: NURSES AT SWYNCOMBE AND HOUNDS OF THE SOUTH OXFORDSHIRE HUNT.

Captain C. E. Ruck-Keene, of Swyncombe, near Henley-on-Thames, has generously placed his residence there at the disposal of the Red Cross Committee for use as a nursing home for wounded soldiers during the war. He and his family are living in a smaller house in the village. In our illustration some of the nurses are seen with hounds of the South Oxfordshire Hunt on the occasion of a meet at Swyncombe, the other day.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

the war is over. People have come to themselves again, and themselves are very fine and noble indeed—the more so that they are quite unconscious of the fact.



THE BAN ON PRIVATE RED CROSS CARS : REAR-LIGHTS : A LIGHT-EXTINCTION ABUSE.

Amateurs at the Front.

Not very long ago, it will be remembered, a strong appeal was issued to British motorists on behalf of the Paris Red Cross Society, which was represented to be sadly lacking in ambulance equipment. As a consequence, large numbers of private cars were taken over to France, and by direct invitation of the French authorities; the owners were asked to drive the vehicles themselves. Now comes the remarkable news that Sir John French has asked that no further passes shall be given to British civilians, and that all passes already issued shall be rescinded. Such, at all events, is the statement of a *Standard* special correspondent. He quotes an officer as saying that "there are too many British people altogether driving about the country, and they are becoming a downright nuisance. Two German spies were caught the other day in a motor-car labelled with the Red Cross, in which they had placed two wounded Frenchmen to keep up the deception. With this sort of thing going on, you can understand that the issuing of passes to drivers of cars in any sense or degree not under complete military control has now become impossible."

What is the Remedy? Even yet, however, the French are stated to be sadly lacking in motor transport for the wounded, and to have lost two thousand cars since the beginning of the war. How, then, is the conveying of the wounded to be carried on if voluntary help is to be abolished by the withdrawal of civilian passes? A car driven by its owner, moreover, is much more likely to be handled carefully than by a paid or military driver; and, in the second place, how is a sufficient number of military drivers to be obtained? Surely the matter is one of proper registration for each individual car, rather than a wholesale ban upon voluntary help. If the Red Cross Society is not working in sufficiently close touch with the military authorities,

of inhumanity against the British military authorities; and, needless to say, that is a result which should be obviated at all costs.

Red Lights for All Vehicles.

Strong representations are being made, and none too soon, by the Royal Automobile Club to the Home Office, with a view to securing the adoption of an order making compulsory the use of red rear-lights on all vehicles. Such an order has all along been desirable, but during the present restriction upon the use of head-lamps for motor-cars it is absolutely imperative in the interests of public safety. The projecting-power of the motor-car side-lamp is very

nearly nil, but the users of horse-drawn vehicles have been practically relieved of the responsibility of indicating their presence by the fact that motorists have voluntarily employed acetylene or electric head-lamps of considerable power, which have picked out even unilluminated vehicles in front at distances of two or three hundred yards. For the nonce, however, the whole situation is changed, and the presence of a slow-moving cart ahead is not distinguishable until a car is absolutely close upon it. The most dangerous obstacle of all is the unilluminated vehicle which is standing still. In a word, overtaking has to be considered as well, and even more, than actual meeting, for in the latter case both drivers are on the look-out, whereas the driver of a slow cart usually displays no concern for anything which may be approaching from behind.

An Abuse to be "Scotched." Inasmuch as gales at this time of year

are frequent; and, further, inasmuch as the Germans themselves have stated that they do not even project a Zeppelin raid, if ever they dare to carry it out, until next spring, the maintenance of the policy of light-extinction by official order is more than a little



FITTED WITH A STRETCHER, FIRST-AID NECESSARIES, AND A BARREL OF WINE FOR WOUNDED OR EXHAUSTED SOLDIERS: A MOTOR-CAR SPECIALLY EQUIPPED FOR WAR.

M. Maurice Sizaïre, the well-known French motor-manufacturer, has equipped this car for war service and presented it to the French military authorities. It is fitted with a stretcher, with first-aid necessities, and with a barrel containing 25 litres of wine; this last for distribution to wounded and exhausted soldiers.

Photograph by Topical.



MOVING FORTS AS PART OF THE EQUIPMENT OF THE FINE FORCE FROM THE GREAT DOMINION: CANADIAN ARMOURD MOTOR-CARS ON SALISBURY PLAIN.

Photograph by Alfieri.

that is a matter for adjustment between themselves; and if English owners have taken out their cars primarily with a view of getting as quickly as possible to places where fighting can be seen, that also is a procedure which can readily be stopped. Prima facie, however, it would appear that genuine voluntary assistance is likely to sustain a material check, and unless the facts of the case can be shown to bear some other interpretation, there seems every probability of the French Red Cross Society levelling an accusation

absurd. Meanwhile, a widespread abuse has grown up, under cover of the order, which it behoves the police to take action upon forthwith. Just because motor-cars are not to be allowed to use powerful head-lamps, the drivers of horse-drawn vehicles are profiting by the occasion to economise in lamp-oil and candles! The Universal Lights Act has been allowed to become practically a dead letter, and this at a time when a light of some sort on every vehicle was never more urgently required.



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in WAR as in PEACE, is the leading spirit. The Admiralty and War Office have requisitioned enormous quantities for use in every branch of the Services at home and at the front—thus giving official recognition to the splendid record held by PRATT'S for sure efficiency and absolute reliability.



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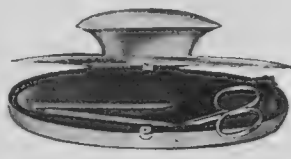
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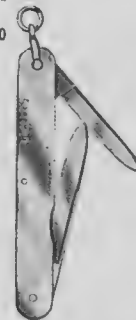


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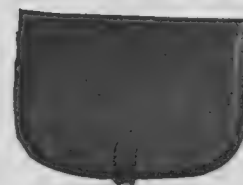


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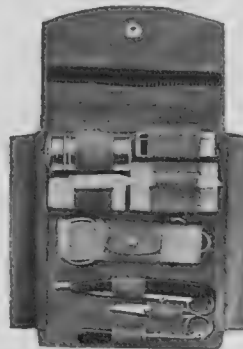
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L784—Gentlemen's 22-in. Solid Leather Fitted Suit Case, Lined Leather, with Plain Sterling Silver Brushes and Toilet Requisites ... £12 12 0 If with Ebony Brushes. £10 10 0



GENERAL Capper, whose brigade has been engaged on some of the stiffest work of the campaign, and whose losses are consequently about the heaviest on record, is himself impervious to shot and shell. He never avoids the zone of fire, and even when business calls him out of it never hurries. His coolness, indeed, is a jest (the humour of which may not be appreciated by civilians) among officers who find themselves at his side. The inclination of a man on a fast horse is to cover exposed ground as fast as possible (always provided there is nothing to keep him in the open), but not so with the General. He progresses at a slow trot. Nothing hastens him, and it is not for junior officers to improve the pace.



MISS CICELY CUTHBERT, WHOSE WEDDING TO MR. STUART J. ANDERSON WAS FIXED FOR LAST WEEK.

Miss Cicely Cuthbert, whose wedding with Mr. Stuart J. Anderson was arranged to take place on Saturday last, is the second daughter of the late Mr. Frederick Cuthbert, of Upwood Park, Abingdon, Berks.

Photograph by Sarony.

Praises for the Prince

Dr. Warren's eulogy, which reached his Royal Highness in France, must have half-pleased and half-embarrassed the Prince of Wales.

In any case, it came as a surprise, for at Oxford the President of Magdalen never gave the Prince any untoward sign of approval. It is only when a pupil goes away that a master pays him compliments, and only when he leaves the country that he can say quite such nice things as Dr. Warren said in his paper on the Prince's career at Oxford. It is a question, however, whether the Prince thought himself sufficiently out of range. The *Times* reached him in France not many hours after it reached Oxford; and it reached, besides, several of the Prince's Oxford friends who are likewise serving at Headquarters.

The Good Report. While Dr. Warren is regarded at Oxford as an extremely agreeable and sympathetic President, he is not thought of as a man given to excessive praise.

His only practice in the eulogy of Princes was gained when he wrote the Life of Prince Victor of Schleswig-Holstein; for the rest, his hobbies are poetry (both Latin and English), golf, and cycling. To the co-enjoyment of some of these the Prince was admitted, and it speaks worlds for the tact and discretion of his Royal Highness that he leaves Oxford with a testimonial for "independence of character, freshness of view, and a sense of literary style." There are one hundred and seventeen Magdalen men of less than four years' standing absent on war service. It

is doubtful if any other has quite such a good "report" in his pocket.

The General's Chip.

Every officer has his own way of reporting a wound, but in nearly every case the sufferer's diagnosis errs, from the professional point of view, on the side of levity. Even commanding officers show a refreshing disregard of the language of Harley Street. "I've had a chip of fur blown off the back of my head; and, almost worse, a hole made in my new coat," writes Major-General Bulfin to a friend. Something besides fur and the coat seems to have been damaged, for the General is still in the doctor's hands. But good spirits help a cure, and he hopes shortly to return to the front.

A Heavy Loss.

Eton and Oxford have good reason to mourn the death of Lieutenant Gerard Anderson. At Eton he took all the honours in the playing fields, and his "influence in the school was almost unique and altogether good." At Oxford he was President of the University Athletic Club, and elected a Fellow of All Souls in 1913. Twice he was English champion over hurdles, and only an unlucky fall deprived him of the world's championship at the Stockholm Olympic Games. His popular fame is connected only with the running-path, but in a smaller circle he will always be remembered as "a splendid fellow." "Too good to live" is the summing-up of one who knew him personally. In physique he was the incarnation of a Phidias statue rather than the athlete whose muscles run to knottiness instead of symmetry. He is held dear for qualities of heart, head, and hand that were almost Greek in their perfection.

G.C.B. On another page mention is made of the

posters that hang in the corridors at Englemere. They tell the tale of Lord Roberts's victories clearly and boldly, and the Countess Roberts will preserve them for their historic value as well as for their personal associations. Lord Roberts collected even *Punch's* contributions to the Roberts legend. One little jest, it

is remembered, escaped him in print—and when he was told of it he proved a most appreciative listener. "Why does Lord Roberts always have G.C.B. printed after his name?" asked a small girl of her brother. "Silly!" he answered; "that means Generally called Bobs."



MR. STUART J. ANDERSON, WHOSE WEDDING TO MISS CICELY CUTHBERT WAS FIXED FOR LAST WEEK.

Mr. Stuart J. Anderson, whose wedding with Miss Cicely Cuthbert was arranged to take place on Saturday last, is the youngest son of the late Major-General D. G. Anderson, R.H.A., of Ringwood, Hants.

Photograph by Sarony.



ENGAGED TO LIEUT. FERGUS R. W. GRAHAM: MISS EGERIA M. S. BAKER.

Miss Egeria M. S. Baker is the daughter of Vice-Admiral Casper Baker, of Oatlands, South Petherton, Somerset; and Lieut. Fergus R. W. Graham, of the Royal Irish Rifles, is the only son of Major Fergus Graham, late of the same regiment.

Photograph by Swaine.



TO MARRY MISS BEATRICE COLVILLE FRANKLAND: MR. GEORGE CROSBIE DAWSON.

Miss Beatrice C. Frankland is the daughter of the late Colonel Colville Frankland, of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers, of Hove, Sussex. Mr. Dawson is the son of the late Mr. George James Crosbie Dawson, of May Place, Newcastle, Staffordshire. — [Photo. by Swaine.]



A LAW AND ARMY WEDDING: HIS HONOUR JUDGE PHILIP LAW-SMITH, K.C.

The wedding took place, at Brompton Oratory, on Nov. 17, of Judge Law-Smith, K.C., LL.D., of 7, Herbert Street, Dublin, with Miss Ellen Lucy (Queenie) Dunn, only daughter of Colonel and Alderman Sir William H. Dunn, of 9, Gloucester Terrace, Regent's Park, N.W. — [Photograph by Swaine.]



A LAW AND ARMY WEDDING: MRS. LAW-SMITH.

On Nov. 17, at Brompton Oratory, the wedding took place of Miss Ellen Lucy (Queenie) Dunn, only daughter of Colonel and Alderman Sir William H. Dunn, of 9, Gloucester Terrace, Regent's Park, N.W., to Judge Philip Law-Smith, K.C., LL.D., of 7, Herbert Street, Dublin.

Photograph by Swaine.

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FOR the sum of 21/- we are sending
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Brown Cardigan,
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saving you all trouble of packing and dispatch.
If your soldier friend has not the personal
need of any of the articles mentioned, you will
have provided the opportunity of rendering, or
maybe repaying, his comrades' little kind-
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Similar parcels containing a Knife or Electric
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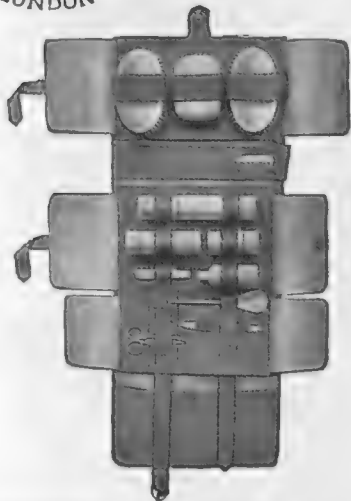


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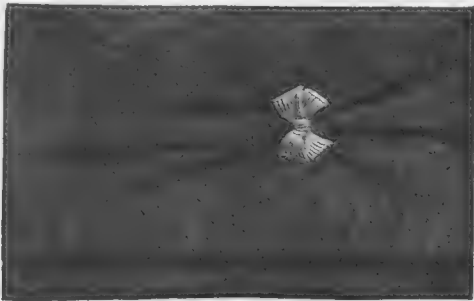
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thin kid gloves of French manufacture, in return for which we export to France our English-made gloves.



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The loops for articles being formed by a running
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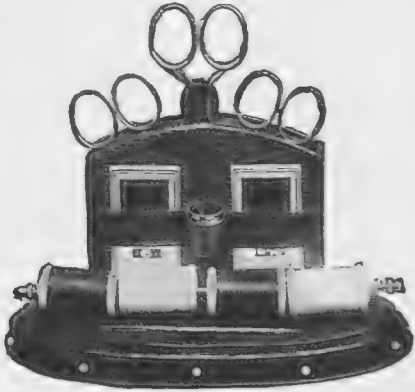
The case without fittings, from finest
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Case and fittings complete, brushes
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BOW KNOT ENVELOPE

This new and dainty envelope is made from figured
black silk. The partly gathered front is mounted
with a neat gilt bow. The envelope contains an
oval mirror mounted on a silk-covered handle and
attached by a fine gilt chain, and a silk purse for
change. The size is 6½ x 4 in., and convenient
room is given inside.

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Here is a very convenient sewing-stand fitted with
English cutlery. The three pairs of scissors are fitted
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WHOLESALE BUSINESS : Trade Terms and Catalogue from MARK CROSS LTD., Warewell Street, Wallsall.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Collapse of "Efficiency."

There is no more futile course to be taken just now than to sit in comfortable arm-chairs abusing Germans "at large." One hears, by-the-bye, no virulence about Austrians—at any rate, in London—and yet it was Austria-Hungary, and no other, who primarily set the world ablaze. To pour out vials of anger and venom on our Teutonic foes is to imitate the unseemly attitude of the Germans towards ourselves. We ought to show ourselves more "cultured," more intelligent, more broad-minded than they—especially as, in all human probability, we are going to win. After this incredibly ferocious war is over, there will still be Germans—one may hazard the prophecy, quite a considerable number of millions of Germans. That they can be exterminated or reduced to a third-rate Power is not possible. As usual, we were not prepared for war; yet the Kaiser and the German war party had played consistently with their cards on the table, while we went on summoning peace conferences at the Hague and exchanging social amenities between journalists and professors and mayors. Yet one surprising result this war has already had: it has sounded the knell of Efficiency as the greatest national asset. With efficiency, you can organise a vast and formidable machine; but it needs great ideals, a great moral force, to breathe into it the spirit of Life, to make of it a vital, conquering engine. In short, there is something odious and priggish about Efficiency in its Teutonic aspect. The insistence in their Army Orders that "Die Wacht am Rhein" must be sung by the advancing troops is a case in point. Tommy, whistling his favourite comic song as he prepares to light his pipe in the wet trenches, is more heartened to the combat than German Michael by this machine-made order to express his patriotism.

The individualism of Britain has been vindicated during the last few tragic, glorious months.

Heroes and Heroines of the Ambulance.

No one can say that our "gilded youth"—either men or women—are failing us in the supreme crisis. It is not too much to say that not a man of the upper or upper-middle class who is of an age to serve but is in khaki to-day, except those who have to carry on the business of the country and who hold official positions which they cannot vacate. The Houses of Lords and Commons are flecked with the brown uniform; if you go to a theatre, you find the same colour in the stalls of the playhouse; while at some well-known young men's clubs there is now hardly a civilian to be seen. Those, a little older, who cannot soften the heart of officers at recruiting stations are busy in France and Flanders with motor-ambulances

picking up wounded. Men with vast incomes are acting as chauffeurs and driving their own cars, and for this risky and adventurous work a knowledge of spoken French is almost indispensable. Here the London taxi-driver, however willing or courageous, cannot compete in usefulness with the linguist. One hears, too, of wonderful doings by English girls and women of the leisured class, actually helping in the firing line and facing shell-fire in the intrepid manner of their race. Miss Jessica Borthwick, I may mention, has just been made a corporal by a Colonel of the Belgian Army for her "bravery in the field." Miss Borthwick is working at the Allied Field Ambulance Corps, attached to the Belgian Ambulance at Furnes, from there making expeditions to Ypres, Dixmude—wherever they are most wanted. She was slightly wounded by shell-fire at Oudecappelle, and was fired on by Germans at Dixmude as she rushed, with others, through the streets carrying stretchers for the wounded. Such deeds make us stay-at-homes proud of our countrywomen.

Christmas Shopping.

There will be a good deal of Christmas shopping this year, but people will exhibit the true spirit of the anniversary, and give to those who want rather than to those who have a superfluity. One may hazard the conjecture that this will be a "Man's Christmas," and that everything that can comfort, amuse, or hearten our soldiers and sailors and our troops in camp will be lavishly bought and despatched to them.

Facing Invasion.

There is, if you look squarely at it, something humorous about all mundane happenings, even the most dreadful. It is impossible not to smile if you think, for instance, of the residents of the more "genteel" parts of London faced with a German invasion. Not, to be sure, Belgravia and Mayfair, which would rise to the occasion with a stiff upper lip, just as, I think, would Bethnal Green and Battersea. But imagine the bewilderment of all the well-set tea-tables of Kensington and Hampstead if Pickelhaubes were marching into London to work their wicked will. The legion of cultured spinsters, fed on Brahms and Beethoven, that would arise to confront the Teutonic hordes might strike terror into the most brutal soldiery. Besides, have we not the tallest, healthiest, and most athletic girls in Europe, who would certainly indulge in a "scrap" of their own when faced with the worst? All Suffragettes, for instance, trained on ju-jitsu and capable of tackling one London policeman, would very properly be placed in the front rank of the defending force. It would add to the effectiveness of this impromptu army if all the good-looking Suffragists (and there are many such) led the van. The German, being a person of limited humour and no imagination, would not suspect these dashing, well-dressed young persons of being ready with their fists or revolvers.



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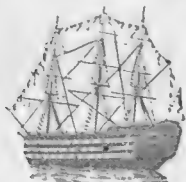
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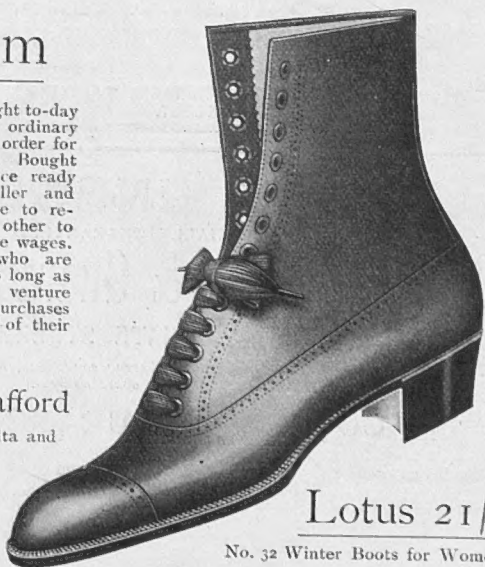
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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

SIR HERBERT TREE, following his avowed policy of presenting patriotic plays, has revived his revival of "Henry IV.—Part I," which serves very well, though "Henry V." would have been better, and ought to be a gold-mine to any manager able to get a *jeune premier* with plenty of *panache* for the leading part: unfortunately, such *jeunes premiers* are not as numerous as pebbles on the beach. So we may accept Hotspur instead of a full-grown Henry, and Mr. Matheson Lang makes quite a dashing figure of him, rich in energy and manly bearing. What a pity to have given him a stutter by way of innovation—oh, these improvers of Shakespeare! Hotspur's stutter makes the slight lisp of Mr. Owen Nares, the Henry, the more noticeable; the very clever young actor hardly catches the Shakespearean method. Nothing new is to be said about the Falstaff of Sir Herbert, which he plays, quite wisely, on the lines of his Falstaff in "The Merry Wives." One could wish a greater swiftness and less comic business, particularly with the flagon, and yet may well appreciate the broad humour and wonderful transformation of identity which causes him to delight the house: certainly this is quite one of his cleverest performances in comedy. Mr. Arthur Whitby plays up skilfully to him as his Bardolph; whilst the Mrs. Quickly of Miss Mary Brough is a remarkably able performance: she is one of our few players who can laugh infectiously.

The Henry IV. showed Mr. Basil Gill quite at his best. There are other excellent performances too numerous to be specified. The production is a typical "His Majesty's" presentation of the dramatist. The scoffer might adapt a phrase from the play and speak of a ha'porth of Shakespeare to an intolerable deal of Tree, but scoffers must be silent, and it is for us to record the great pleasure with which this handsome revival was received by a noteworthy audience.

Mr. Frank Cellier and Miss Florence Glossop-Harris are doing a gallant thing in producing "The Merchant of Venice" immediately after "Cheer, Boys, Cheer" at the Prince's Theatre, and they deserve support not merely because they are gallant, but also because there is real merit in their playing. Mr. Cellier gave us an able and a powerful Shylock, intelligently and thoughtfully rendered; and Miss Glossop-Harris was an impressive and dignified Portia, with a feeling for the beauty of her lines; and they were supported by a good company.

We have received the following letter—

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